SCANDALS OF CZARS

THEY WERE NOT SO SHOCKING AS THE LUST OF THE CZARINAS.

Russian Royalty Sprung from the Kitchen Wench Catherine, the Shameless Harlot.

New York Morning Journal.

To be thoroughly just to Catherine I the whole truth should be told about her. Even Carlyle was prone to one error. In his various allusions to Catherine he prefers to call her a kitchen wench. This is not the right term to use, it being a slur upon kitchen wenches in general. Historians cannot as much as determine the place of her birth. As for her physical attractions, deliberate romancing has prevailed.

Frederick the Great's sister says that Catherine was a "little stumpy body, very brown, and had neither air nor grace. You needed only to look at her to guess her low extraction. With her huddle of clothes she looked for all the world like a German play actress. Her dress you would have said had been bought at a second-hand shop. All was out of fashion, all was loaded with silver and greasy dirt."

This, then, is the portrait of the woman taken six years after Peter married her, hence about fifteen years after the surrender of Marienburg, at which period they first met. A decade and a half may considerably impair a woman's physical beauty, even under favorable circumstances. If she be addicted to dram drinking and other excesses it is almost sure to do this, and we know on excellent authority that Catherine was no exception in those respects to the Russian court ladies of Peter's reign. Yet she found favor in the sight of Scheremeteff, the victor of the Swedish general, Slippenbach, before she fascinated Menschikoff, and finally captivated—and for a comparatively long while—the fickle Peter.

There is no need to dwell upon Catherine's relations with Scheremeteff. To listen to some of the court biographers the Russian general almost took Catherine by force from the priest's house; according to others he respected her virtue after she told him how her husband, the Swedish sergeant, had been torn from her side immediately after the marriage ceremony. Others maintain that Scheremeteff, having had a presentiment—perhaps a warning or a vision—of the high destinies in store for his captive, never pressed his attentions beyond the bounds of dumb but eloquent admiration.

MENSCHIKOFF'S STAR.

By all accounts this lasted seven months, at which time Menschikoff appeared upon the scene. Menschikoff was then only a successful general, and, moreover, young, which Scheremeteff was not. He came to take command of the army of occupation. Scheremeteff was to join Peter in Poland. Scheremeteff left the young woman behind.

The future czarina became deeply enamored of Menschikoff, which affection, it would appear, was returned with interest. In a little while Catherine gained a great ascendency over him. That was the position of affairs when Peter, after having dislodged the Swedes on Lake Ladoga and taken Noteburg, went into Livonia and took up his quarters with his favorite. There was no time to hide Catherine, who, in spite of her newly acquired dignities, still performed the duties of a servant.

Peter took an instantaneous fancy to Catherine. For three or four days after his arrival Peter never mentioned her name. On the fifth he point blank asked what had become of her, and as Menschikoff looked uncomfortable and did not reply immediately Peter asked more pointedly still whether he (Menschikoff) was jealous. The latter did not deny the soft impeachment, but Peter was by no means delicate in mere matters of sentiment, and that evening Catherine left Menschikoff's house never to enter it again.

Whether Catherine's relations with Menschikoff ceased or continued, it is certain that her love for him had become part and parcel of her nature, and that long before her consort's death she became as wax in Menschikoff's hands. He, on the other hand, had no love left, but merely used the ashes of that vanished affection to blind his former mistress to his real purpose.

He was aware that the sources of his enormous wealth would not bear investigation; that had Peter but lived another twelvemonth he would have stripped him of the greater part of them, and that whosoever succeeded Peter, except Catherine, a similar fate would befall him. That was why he placed the so-called widow of the Swedish dragoon on Peter's throne.

Peter, had there been time, would have set aside the ten-year-old son of Alexis, if not altogether, at any rate until his majority, and appointed his favorite daughter, Anne, regent. Although there had been no verbal or written instructions to that effect, many of the grand dignitaries and nobles were prepared to act upon this well-ascertained but unexpressed wish, and had assembled at the Palace of the Senate with that intention.

NOBLES OVERTHROWN.

On their way thither they had noticed that the building was surrounded by soldiers, and not the most simple minded among them questioned for one moment at whose instigation they were there and at whose signal they would act. But they had also observed that behind the ranks there were dense masses of people, and to these they proposed to appeal.

Menschikoff was equally determined that no such appeal should take place. At the same time he wished to avoid even the semblance of violence. When he entered the council chamber a glance sufficed to show him that craft would serve his purpose better. Peter died in February, when the Russian climate scarcely lends itself to open windows; nevertheless several windows were open on the pretext that the apartment was overheated.

Menschikoff requested permission to have them closed, alleging that he was suffering from a severe cold, then took his seat and simply "submitted" Catherine's name for election to Peter's throne. The nobles opposed the proposal, and one more bold or energetic than the rest strode to a window in order to open it.

Thereupon Menschikoff reiterated his request that it should remain shut, saying at the same time: "If we want fresh air we can have it by opening the door," wherewith he rose and walked to the threshhold, flung back the doors and disclosed the corridors filled with troops. At a sign from him an officer and twenty men stood at the entrance. The nobles wanted no more, the trick was done and the erstwhile Marienburg "unfortunate" was proclaimed Czarina of Russia in her own right.

Catherine did nothing to diminish the political prestige of the empire which Peter had so laboriously won, and this notwithstanding her almost constant state of intoxication, a vice from which few Russian women of her time and in the most exalted positions were wholly free. Menschikoff not only never attempted to curb that vice, but seems to have systematically encouraged it, probably in order to have his hands more free for the prosecution of his own schemes, which only tended toward one object—personal aggrandizement and accumulation of wealth.

Though the Czarina could neither read nor write, she had by this time at her side her daughter, the future Empress Elizabeth, who as yet had not had her natural intelligence clouded with drink. Menschikoff's tenure was becoming precarious, and he began to spread reports of the Czarina's failing health—reports true in the main, for there can be little question that he supplied the cause of her decline.

CATHERINE POISONED.

One day Catherine's physician prescribed a potion which Menschikoff himself offered to the Czarina after having taken it from one of her women in waiting, an Italian, Mme. Ganna. The Czarina complained that it tasted too bitter and only drank three-fourths of the cup, which she handed back to Mme. Ganna. The latter, surprised at the statement, considering that there was no bitter ingredient there, drank the remainder.

The Empress died, and Mme. Ganna would have died but for her husband, an Italian like herself and a skillful chemist. Catherine reigned only two years. With her commences the era of favorites, but Menschikoff did not occupy the position long after her death.

Catherine I left a pseudo will, the authorship or rather mere penning of which has remained a matter of conjecture up to the present day, inasmuch as she herself could neither read nor write. It was not in the handwriting of her daughter Elizabeth, who was her mother's secretary.

The document provided for her succession by Peter's twelve-year-old grandson under a council of regency until he should have attained his sixteenth year, and for his betrothal with Menschikoff's daughter. The regency of the council was purely a figure of speech, for Menschikoff went on governing, or rather tyrannizing, the empire unhindered, and in the same overbearing manner as he intimidated the twelve-year-old Czar.

Young Peter had something of his grandfather's autocratic spirit plus the cunning of his father. One night during a visit to Peterhof he and his playfellow, Ivan Dolgourouki, aided by Ostermann, made their escape by a window, and, escorted by a numerous party of officers, all declared enemies of the self-appointed regent, succeeded in reaching the house of Chancellor Golovin, where the Senate was already assembled, and thence St. Petersburg. Though the distance from Peterhof to St. Petersburg is but a score of miles, Menschikoff discovered the flight too late.

If he had still any illusions left with regard to the possibility of repairing the mischief and recovering the power he had lost, such illusions must have vanished at his arrival in the capital. There he found the palace surrounded by fresh companies of guards and the whole of the garrison under arms. Admission was denied him, and on the threshold of his own residence he was arrested. He was ordered to leave St. Petersburg within four and twenty hours for his own estate of Rennenburg.

PETER II HAD SMALLPOX.

He requested an audience of the boy Czar, which was refused, the Dolgouroukis being at that time thoroughly masters of the situation. They remained the masters for more than three years, at the end of which time Peter II was carried off by smallpox.

After the death of the fifteen-year-old Czar the magnates and high dignitaries selected Anne, Ivan's daughter, who had married Jacob, Duke of Courland, whose duchy she was ruling after her husband's death. During Anne's regency Frederick the Great entered upon his campaign against Maria Theresa and concluded a compact against the daughter of Emperor Charles VI. Anne of Brunswick and her husband were prepared to side with Austria. The fall of Munich was to a certain extent due to his disapproval of that policy.

Cardinal Fleury and Amelot, acting upon the reports of the French embassador at St. Petersburg, could think of nothing better than a palace revolution to remove the partisans of Maria Theresa from power. Chetardie, the lover of Elizabeth, had not expressly stated that Elizabeth would be on the French and Prussian side of the question, but he had pledged himself that he would mold her to his will. From that moment Ivan VI's fate and that of his mother were sealed.

At the end of three days Elizabeth, having publicly declared that neither Anne, her husband nor their son had any right to the throne, decided that they should be sent back to Germany. This was one of those generous impulses the proneness to which she had inherited from her father, for in her sober moments Elizabeth was an intelligent woman.

The exiles started, but before they could proceed far the insidious counsels of Chetardie prevailed. Messengers were sent after them with the order to detain them at Riga. Thence they were transferred to Kolmoghorji, where Anne died after having been separated from her son. The little boy Ivan, as good as an orphan at that time, was taken to Schlusselburg.

ELIZABETH'S ILLEGITIMATES.

A Belgian embassador to the court of Louis Philippe complained that, though he was the father of a family, he had no children of his own. Elizabeth, had she cared about it, might have reversed the epigram and said that, though she had many children of her own—there were ten or eleven in all—she could not lay claim to the title of a mother of a family. She had an invincible objection to wedlock; nevertheless, in her sober moments, which were rare enough at all times, but more frequent at the beginning of her reign than at the end, she felt the need of an heir presumptive, for, in spite of all her errors, Elizabeth was by no means devoid of intellect, and well aware that in Russia above all no government could pretend to stability without the presence of such a successor near the throne.

In default of Ivan, Elizabeth sent for her nephew, the fourteen-year-old son of that elder sister, Anne, who arrived too late at the deathbed of Peter the Great to insure her succession. Anne had married Charles Frederick of Holstein-Gottorp, from which union sprang the lad whom Elizabeth chose as her successor, and who, had he liked, might have become King of Sweden.

In November, 1742, this prince was received into the Greek Church and adopted the name of Peter Feodorovitch. From that moment he was looked upon as the heir apparent to the throne of Elizabeth. A wife for him was sought.

Application was made to Frederick the Great for his sister Amelia. Frederick does not appear to have cared for the connection; at any rate not for his sister, though he sacrificed some one who was even nearer to him than Amelia to the Russian "marriage market." That one was Sophie of Anhalt-Zerbest, better known as Catherine II.

SOPHIE'S AMBITION.

Notwithstanding his well-ascertained poverty, Sophie's father—for as yet she is not Catherine—strongly opposed the projected match. The honest old Lutheran had an invincible objection to his daughter changing her religion.

"I saw well enough," Sophie said, "that my intended did not care one way or the other, or, rather, that he would have relinquished me without a moment's hesitation. Nor, considering what he was, would it have made any difference to me; but what would have made a difference was the crown of Russia."

The girl, in her teens, had already set her heart upon that bauble. By the time she is the lawful wife of the Czarevitch, Sept. 1, 1754, she has a certain following ready to help her against the "unspeakable," idiotic and besotted spouse. Catherine appears to have been indifferent to Peter's weakness. She neither claimed nor wanted any one's pity on that account, but she naturally objected to becoming a laughing stock with reference to it, and the "secrets of the conjugal chamber" unquestionably lent themselves to such a contingency, for they were no secrets at all.

It is to Catherine's credit that she resisted temptation for many years. About the new year of 1754, hence more than eight years after her marriage, the news slowly gained ground that she was to become a mother, which news elicited the angry remark of Peter: "I am by no means certain that the child is mine."

By dint of seeing every one become enamored of his good-looking wife, Peter himself had, perhaps, fallen in love with her, but of this one cannot be certain. He caught Poniatowski, disguised as a cook, in Catherine's rooms. He could not dispatch the lover of his wife in the traditional Russian way, for Poniatowski was an embassador. He was ordered to leave Russia forthwith.

A DAILY MENU.

Hints That Will Aid the Housewife in Her Marketing.

Table Talk.

MONDAY, JUNE 8.

—Breakfast.—
Fruit.
Granose. Sugar and Cream.
Poached Eggs on Toast.
Gems. Coffee.
—Lunch.—
Potato Salad. Meat Turnovers.
Wafers. Chocolate.
—Dinner.—
Cream of Pea Soup.
Deviled Lamb.
Duchesse Potatoes. New Beets.
Sorrel Salad.
Wafers. La Delicatesse Cheese.
Rhubarb Pie.
Coffee.

TUESDAY, JUNE 9.

—Breakfast.—
Fruit
Wheatlet. Sugar and Cream.
Fried Perch. Potatoes au Gratin.
Muffins. Coffee.
—Lunch.—
Boiled Tomatoes.
Vegetable Salad. Cheese.
Fruit. Chocolate.
—Dinner.—
Split Pea Soup.
Veal Chops a la Princesse.
Beefsteak-Tomato Ketchup.
String Beans. Pickled Beets.
Cucumber Salad.
Wafers. Cheese.
Strawberry Fool.
Coffee.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10.

—Breakfast.—
Fruit.
Cracked Wheat. Sugar and Cream.
Soft-Boiled Eggs. Baked Potatoes.
Rice Waffles. Coffee.
—Lunch.—
Eggs in Cases.
Lettuce Sandwiches.
Cake. Cocoa.
—Dinner.—
Clam Broth.
Cannelon of Beef.
Mashed Potatoes. Asparagus.
String Bean Salad.
Cheese Fingers.
Fruit Tapioca.
Coffee.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11.

—Breakfast.—
Fruit.
Steamed Hominy. Sugar and Cream.
Broiled Tripe. French Fried Potatoes.
Rolls. Coffee.
—Lunch.—
Grilled Sardines (in Chafing Dish.)
Watercress. French Dressing.
Fruit. Cocoa.
—Dinner.—
Consomme.
Breast of Lamb, Broiled.
Potatoes. Peas.
Lettuce. French Dressing.
Wafers. La Delicatesse Cheese.
Strawberry Shortcake.
Coffee.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12.

—Breakfast.—
Fruit.
Cracked Wheat. Sugar and Cream.
Creamed Eggs.
Hashed Browned Potatoes.
Entire Wheat Gems. Coffee.
—Lunch.—
Fresh Mushrooms on Toast.
Potato Salad.
Savoy Cake. Soft Custard.
—Dinner.—
Soup Crecy.
Rhenish Lobster. Cucumbers.
Boiled Rice. Fried Egg Plant.
Lettuce. French Dressing.
Wafers. Cheese.
Cold Cornstarch Pudding.
Coffee.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13.

—Breakfast.—
Fruit.
Barley Crystals. Sugar and Cream.
Broiled Bacon. Stewed Potatoes.
Muffins. Coffee.
—Lunch.—
Ragout of Spring Vegetables.
Cold Slaw.
Milk Biscuit. Chocolate.
—Dinner.—
Potato Soup.
Broiled Chops.
Rice Coquettes. Asparagus.
Tomato Salad.
Wafers. Cheese.
Savoy Cakes. Whipped Cream.
Coffee.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14.

—Breakfast.—
Fruit.
Wheatlet. Sugar and Cream.
Chicken Livers en Brochette.
Creamed Potatoes.
Parkerhouse Rolls. Coffee.
—Dinner.—
Consomme.
Crown of Lamb.
New Potatoes. Peas.
Stuffed Tomatoes.
Radish Salad.
Wafers. Edam Cheese.
Frozen Strawberries.
Coffee.
—Supper.—
Crabs a la Creole (in Chafing Dish.)
Egg Salad.
Coffee Jelly. Cake.

The Returned Prodigal.

This is the old, old place:
The daisies fleck the meadow still like snow;
There is the river in its noisy race,
And—there's the mule I mortgaged long ago!

There is the flossy mill
Whose rotting wheels no more make merry rhymes;
There the church tower where the bells are still,
And—there the grocery where I failed six times!

There is the old town hall,
Crumbling with age; but as I stand and gaze
I hear no more the ancient accents fall:
"I think I'll give you ten, or thirty days!"

Scenes of my youth—alas!
But—what bent figure in the twilight chill
Comes limping toward me over fields of grass?
My creditor, with a remembered bill!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE CHERRY SEASON.

Hints for Those Who Like This Luscious Fruit.

Good Housekeeping.

What is lovelier than the cherry—first the delicate silvery white masses of lace-like blossoms, and then the ripe fruit, showing its red among the green leaves, and delighting the eyes of robins and children? The following collection of recipes will show in how many ways the fruit may be used:

Cherry Meringue—Make a rich pie crust, a third of an inch thick, and bake a light brown. Have your cherries stoned and sweetened liberally and stewed in their own juice until quite thick. Pour into the pastry, and have ready the whites of three eggs beaten as stiff as possible, with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Spread this smoothly over the cherries and let the pie bake again until it is a light brown. Serve cold.

Cherry Tart and Tartlets—Prepare a light, flaky puff paste and put into a large pie plate, and several small ones. Flute the edges with a fork. Stone the cherries and stew in their own juice, well sweetened. When done take off the fire, let them cool, then fill the pastry and sprinkle thickly with white sugar. Or they may be covered with pastry and served hot, if preferred.

Frosted Cherries—Dip the cherries with the stems on, and, if possible, the green leaves—in the white of an egg first, and then in white sugar. Keep on ice and serve for lunch in a glass bowl garnished with green leaves.

Cherry Wine—Bruise the cherries, putting with every gallon a quart of boiling water. Let it stand a day and night, stirring occasionally. Strain it off, add two pounds of sugar to every gallon, stop tightly in jars and keep until the next fall, when it will be ready for use.

Cherry Cordial—Use ripe Morello cherries, bruising them and straining the juice. Sweeten to taste, and, when perfectly clear, boil it. Put a gill of brandy in every bottle, cork and seal tightly. Keep in a cool place. Use with crushed ice and water. It is a delicious summer beverage.

Cherry Roll—Seed the fruit, sweeten to taste, and let it simmer in its own juice until quite thick. Pour one quart of milk over a loaf of grated stale bread, beat three eggs very light and add to the milk, with a little flour and a large lump of melted butter. Put the cherries inside the batter, roll in a cloth and boil. Serve with a rich sauce.

Preserved Cherries—Stem and seed the cherries, putting a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Boil the juice and sugar to a thick syrup, put in the cherries and cook until nearly done, then take out the fruit and lay on dishes. Boil the syrup gently, put back the cherries when cool and let them cook a little more. Take them out and let them cool before covering with syrup; put in glass jars and cover with paper dipped in French brandy. The stones should be taken out with a quill, to preserve the shape of the cherry.

Crystal or Candied Cherries—The recipe is the same as for preserves, except that when the cherries are taken out for the first time the syrup is cooked until it reaches the thickness of sugar candy. Dip the cherries in letting them get thoroughly saturated with the thick syrup, and then dry them. They make beautiful decorative fruits for a luncheon served like bonbons. It is said that the peculiar excellence of Queen Victoria's Christmas plum puddings, which she sends to each absent member of the royal household, is the use of candied cherries with the other fruits.

Canned Cherries—Use one-third of the weight of the fruit in sugar. After this has dissolved boil slowly for fifteen minutes, then put in jars and seal hot.

Had a Right to be Mad.

Washington Post.

That makes me think of another man I ran across the other day who was out of temper, too. Out of temper, however, is entirely too mild a term for the state he was in. He was fairly seething with rage. He came over from New York Wednesday afternoon in a day coach. Just in front of him sat a young mother with a fretful baby—you know the kind of babies that are always to be met with in day coaches in hot weather. This particular baby was an especially active child of that sort. In the agonies of teething it cried and fretted till the frail looking young mother seemed ready to faint from fatigue. It was the opportunity of the man behind. He took the baby. He dandled it, he grinned at it, he walked the floor with it. In short, he made himself a martyr to it, and gave the forlorn young mother a brief rest. He kept the child almost all the way from Philadelphia to Baltimore. The young mother was going to Baltimore, and just before the train was due into the town a strange man came in from the smoking car—a great, burly, red-faced man. He stopped and spoke to the mother. Then he leaned over the seat and spoke to the man behind.

"I want to thank you," said he, "for taking care of the baby the way you did. He ain't well, you know, and my wife ain't never been very strong."

And the thoughts of the man behind were long, long thoughts.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

The Hero of Harper's Ferry Sleeps Among the Adirondacks.

New York Press.

Though "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," a syndicate is making a comfortable living, it is said, out of his memory. Every schoolboy knows the story of Brown's gallant, but foolhardy, attempt to capture and hold Harper's Ferry, and how he was hanged for his share in the transaction that thrilled and excited a whole nation, and was, as historians declare, one of the causes that precipitated the conflict between the North and the South. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of Brown's rash course, he ever will be a hero in the minds of the young.

Patriotic youth will continue to visit his grave, even though their finer feelings are somewhat outraged by being obliged to pay for seeing the spot where John Brown's bones are supposed to be buried. The grave is in the lower section of the Au Sable valley, the most picturesque part of the north woods in the Adirondacks. Not far away are the peaks of McIntyre and Bald Face mountains. The grave is within a wooded fence, about twenty-five feet square. A large bowlder marks the back inclosure of the graveyard, and upon this rock is chiseled a large cross.

It is said that John Brown made the request that when he died he wished to be buried by the bowlder by the old home, the rock being his monument, desiring no inscription, only the cross at the foot of the grave, which request was complied with, and the grave was without a headmark until 1875, when the family, says a correspondent, who has visited the place recently, conceiving the idea that some day the Adirondacks would be a great summer resort, and that the grave could be used for a money-making scheme, erected the slab and wooden cover now standing and adopted a rule not to uncover the stone for less than 25 cents a head. The epitaph has this inscription: "Here lies the remains of John Brown." The cover and the gate are fastened by means of a padlock. To gain admission, application must be made to the keeper, who lives in the old Brown house, near by. He is employed by the syndicate who, some years ago, purchased the property.

In the summer the receipts amount, it is said, to $100 a day. Parties visit the place from the surrounding country. It is said, however, that many men have made riches in the last thirty years from the receipts of that little twenty-five-foot square inclosure.

JOHN PIERCE'S LUCK.

Picked Up a Stone to Throw at a Cow, and Now Has $250,000.

San Francisco Examiner.

John Pierce is a Tombstone, Ariz., miner, who up to a year and a half ago had difficult work to provide the necessities of life for himself and family. He is now in this city with $250,000 in gold coin to his credit. It is another story of a lucky find of rich gold and silver bearing quartz.

Pierce is the name of the new camp, just coming into prominence, about thirty miles northeast of Tombstone. It is made more conspicuous because in addition to its great ore richness it is about the only gold camp in the Territory. Already there are five hundred people there and empty houses from Tombstone are being taken there bodily. An English syndicate has secured the Pierce ledge and has organized with a million and a half of dollars, and it is said that there is a prospect of the new camp rivaling Cripple Creek, in Colorado.

Pierce was seen at his hotel soon after his arrival a few days ago. He tells an interesting story of his discovery and of his sudden change in position from a man without a dollar to one who can be considered fairly wealthy. He is a Cornishman, about fifty years of age, with little of no education, and who appears totally unaware, as yet, of what his fortune can do for him.

"About four years ago," said he, "I took up a claim about thirty miles northeast of Tombstone. There was a water hole in the mountains and I took the place in order to get the water so I could raise a few head of stock. There was not much to be made from it, and as I was broken down from hard work with a pick, my folks had to help out in the living. One day, about eighteen months ago, I was driving the cows home at night and was upward of four miles away from my ranch, when, in crossing a little ledge where there was an outcropping of rock, I stooped down and picked up a piece of stone to throw at one of the cows, when I noticed how heavy it was.

"Upon closer examination I saw what looked like good quartz, and I took home several pieces of the rock and horned it out. The result showed considerable gold. I went back and got more rock and took it into Tombstone the next day, and an assay showed me that I had found a rich mine. The ledge where I picked up the rock was not over four hundred feet from a road that had been traveled for years. It was just luck I found it."

Pierce went on to state that as he had no money himself he had to do all the developing work on a small scale. He managed to take out several tons of ore and ship it away. The result from this shipment was over $8,000. With this amount of money he sunk a shaft and opened his claim so that it was possible to ascertain the extent of the ledge. After this work had been accomplished some parties from Silver City, New Mexico, came along and bonded the property for $350,000 on a year's time. Before the year had expired they sold the bond to the English syndicate for an advance of $100,000, and when the year was up, which occurred last week, Mr. Pierce got a draft on San Francisco and he at once came to the city to get his coin.

Prior to two years ago Pierce was a broken-down miner, a man who had never had to exceed $10 at one time, and who was having a hard struggle to make both ends meet. Now he has a quarter of a million dollars, all in gold coin, and, like most men in similar circumstances, does not know how to spend his money. His wife, before making the strike, had to go to Tombstone and help out the family exchequer by doing such odd jobs of housecleaning as she could find, while the son, a young man, now twenty, herded cattle on the ranges. Besides one son, he has a daughter, who was given the advantage of the public schools of Tombstone. His entire family accompany him to this city, and as it is their first visit away from home they are enjoying themselves.

Trying Ordeals for Presidents.

In writing of the "Pardoning Power" (invested in the President) Hon. Benjamin Harrison says in June Ladies' Home Journal: "The papers in these murder cases are usually voluminous—a full record or an abstract of the evidence making part. If the trial seems to have been fairly conducted, and no new exculpatory evidence is produced, and the sentence does not seem to have been unduly severe, the President refuses to interfere. He cannot weigh the evidence as well as the judge and jury. They saw and heard the witnesses, and he has only a writing before him. It happens sometimes that the wife or mother of the condemned man comes in person to plead for mercy, and I know of no more trying ordeal than to hear their tearful and sobbing utterances, and to feel that a public duty requires that they be denied their prayer."